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color to your cheek, and the light to your eyes? It was all a mistake before!"

The leader of a forlorn hope, the martyr in his shirt of fire, have rarely overcome self more nobly and entirely than did James Elton when he wrote the last few sentences of his letter. He dispatched it at ten o'clock, and composed himself for the night, leaving the door between the bedroom and the studio half open, that air might enter the room during the warm May night.

Herbert continued asleep; the exhaustion was so great, and nature was also asserting her right to replace the rest he had so mercilessly robbed himself of for so many months and years. Elton was dozing, too, be it said; in fact, good, patient Elton was tired out, but it was a very slight doze, for he started to his feet on hearing a sound of a passer-by in the street. All was quiet again. He had heard, about ten minutes after the movement in the street, a slight rustle in the curtains at the opposite side of the bed, but he fancied it was the window, or some outer door beyond, which had admitted a little air, and he did not move.

About dawn Herbert awoke. He moaned a little, and with the vague unrest of weakness, stretched out his arms. A hand held a cup with a cordial to his lips.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, and pressed the hand. It was so soft and small that he involuntarily opened his eyes. A female figure was bending over him; there was tender compassion, but there was something more solemn and more exalted in those divine eyes.

"*Notre Dame de bon Secours!* Oh, if I dream may I never wake again." His senses seemed swaying to and fro on the verge of delirium. It was a low but mortal voice which replied—

"Was all the debt to be mine, Herbert? were you to save my life twice, and this time at the risk of your own, and was I never to prove that I was grateful to you—that I loved you?"

The last words were added in compliance with the wild and questioning ardor in the hollow eyes which were fixed on her, and then she bent low over his hand, and Herbert felt Nellie's tears fall fast on it.

Six months afterwards John Herbert was painting at his great picture. He was paler, thinner, but the whole man looked vivified into health and happiness. He and Nellie had been married a month. It was November, and they had returned to Rome.

"How are you getting on, Herbert?" said Elton.

"Famously; but when did you arrive?"

"Only last night. I am en route to the East."

"Nonsense," said a voice from the loggia, and there, framed in by the hanging tendrils of the tardy vine, Nellie looked down upon them, radiant with beauty and beautiful with joy.

"I will not hear of your going, dear old Jim," she said; "you must stay this winter with us. We will make you so happy."

"You have the right model at last, Herbert," said Elton, with a strange, wistful look.

"Yes, thanks to you, Jim, a model and a wife. I owe you both."

Herbert never attained to great precision or order, but he became a great painter, and in all his pictures there was the same noble head, with its deep and spiritual eyes, and its lovely, loving mouth. He and Nell were happy though married.

### MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Geneva—Switzerland—if she cannot have grand opera, is determined to make a musical sensation with a grand organ, and therefore opened at St. Paul's Cathedral there, a new one constructed by Merklin, Schutze and & Co., with solemn fest, in which distinguished organists and musicians participated, by express invitation from the Consistory.

Mr. Goldberg sent a copy of his song, "*Appellez moi toujours ma soeur*" to Eugénie—Empress of the French, and was rewarded by a most flattering letter from her, in which she thanked him for the

grateful feeling that induced his setting of those heart-spoken words to music.

Victoria, Regina, sent Mr. Gaskin of Dublin, in return for Earl Carlisle's life, not only her thanks but £20, beside, which he probably deemed a very substantial token of her satisfaction with his biographical offering to a queen.

At Sydenham Palace, on July 11th they had another great ballad concert with Grisi, Parepa, Santley, Reeves, Miss Edmonds, and Levy for cornet work, beside illuminations. All for one shilling. On the Saturday after, the music of "*Iphigenia in Tauris*," given by Titiens, Gunz, Santley, &c., cost five shillings to hear, because it was "classical."

Milan rumors specify nine operas to be produced in Europe next season, viz: Verdi's "*Don Carlos*," Pacini's "*Le Streghe di Hofbou*," Miceli's "*Il Convito di Boldassare*," Pacini's "*Monaldarea*," Quaterrez's "*Eloisa von Cleve*," Pincherle's "*I promessi Sposi*," Borioli's "*Il Romito di Legnaro*," La Villa's "*Rosmonda*" and Bazzini's "*Turando*." Their place of performance is not stated and if peace do not speedily return to afflicted Europe, few of them will probably have that honor.

Louis Napoleon will, no doubt inaugurate his Académie with Verdi's newest grand opera, but all else depends upon the doubtful fortunes of war.

The London Musical World's Vienna correspondence says on June 23d,—before Austria had succumbed in a terrible conflict with Prussia to her needle guns, which shoot half a dozen times, while the Austrians can load and shoot once—before that wailing proclamation of Francis Joseph was issued:

"Supposing that at the date I am writing—namely, the 23d of June—it were possible for any one to be ignorant of the warlike state of affairs in Germany, that he did not read the papers nor frequent the beer-shops, he would not, from what meets his eye in the capital of the Hapsburgs, have the faintest suspicion that half-a-dozen German armies are now in the field, and about to engage in mortal combat with each other. In all public places of amusements are heard the sounds of music, not, it is true, the imposing strains of military bands, for these latter are more seriously employed, but those of civilian musicians, whose name here is legion. People eat and drink, laugh and joke, as usual, Even the tradesman, who has taken to look somewhat serious of late, and not without good cause, enjoys his beer, as though Herr von Bismark had never existed, and breech-loading rifles had never been introduced into the Prussian army. A striking proof of the apathy of the Viennese has just been furnished by Herr Theodore Flamm. This gentleman writes on matters connected with the lower classes, and has completed ere this, in the short period of three days, several farces on subjects given him by the public. He conceived the idea—a rather hazardous one, by the way, at the present time—of constructing a summer theatre at Dornbach, a charming little place not far from Vienna. No sooner did he conceive the idea, moreover, than he proceeded to carry it into execution, and, to judge from appearances, his speculation bids fair to turn out a success. Last Sunday a very pretty little theatre was opened in the Gartensalon, as it is styled, belonging to Herr Henke's establishment, the entertainment consisting of a *piece de circonstance*, entitled "*Ein neues Unternehmen in Dornbach*," written by Herr Flamm himself; the burlesque, "*Ein ruhige Parthei*;" and the farce "*Europa beim Friseur*." All pieces were exceedingly well received, and the opening must be pronounced a hit. The most prominent members of the company are Herren Flamm, Schneider, and Mlle. Langhof, a very pleasing chambermaid. At Treumann's Theatre, Szigligetti's "*Czikos*," the well-known Hungarian national piece, has been produced to introduce, as the hero, Herr Czernits, who greatly distinguished himself both as a singer and as an actor. He was well supported by Herr Teweke and Mlle. Fiedler but the house was only moderately attended.—With the exception of al-

most daily performance of some or other of the numerous smaller vocal associations, the members of which confine themselves generally to the best known and most popular choruses, there is scarcely anything doing in the way of art."

Signor Randegger, a somewhat celebrated vocal teacher in London, requests the *World*, to deny a report that he intended fighting in his native land for L'Italia Una.

If dame rumor spoke truly, when she declared Grisi's voice to be exhausted, as exhibited at Mapleson's opera this season, then concert attendants must have queer tastes in musical performance, as she invariably receives applause in concert halls, even from very fastidious publics. At Sydenham Palace on July 4th, she participated in a ballad concert with Parepa, Santley, Hohler, &c., before 10,979 hearers and is recorded as "unable to resist the enthusiastic demands for a repetition of her pieces on each occasion of her appearance," while Parepa got one encore only. That vocalist is allowed to have a good voice and knows how to use it. She gets one encore from near eleven thousand hearers, while Grisi rejected at Mapleson's, on pretence that she no longer has a voice, is in the great orchestra at Sydenham Palace, encored whenever a chance is afforded the audience to do so, and that with enthusiasm which could not be resisted.

The interior fittings of Margate's new hall are estimated to cost £3,000.

Rose Hersee's third and last matinee, at Collard's saloon—London—was marked by a new and elegant harp solo, written and played by F. Chatterton, styled the "*The Nymph's Revel*," which is said to be a most original and effective piece.

Lehmeyer's concert there, had an overflowed audience, including Alfred Jaell, who came expressly to hear Lehmeyer play his "*La Carilla*."

Two Gallic tenors are recorded to have sung there in first-rate Gallic style. Mottes and Lefort, the parties indicated, may deem that a rather equivocal compliment.

London would seem to have been less fortunate in hearing Ardititi's "*L'Estasi*" than New York, as it was noticed at his grand concert in Mapleson's opera house, as sung for the first time, and being a perfect gem was greatly admired, even to rivalry with his time honored "*Il Bacio*."

The London Glee and Medrigal Union closed their season before a crowded audience in St. James Hall with remarkable success.

Grisi sang at Mlle. Pacini's second matinee "*The Minstrel Boy*" was encored and then recalled after singing "*Home Sweet Home*" in response.

The *World*'s says, "a double compliment, richly merited, all things considered. That audience comprised a brilliant assemblage of fashionable who applauded Wieniawski's violin playing and Mlle. Pacini's neat touch, very graceful style, and nice feeling in pianoforte performance."

Jules Mottes a tenor from L'Opera Comique," tried a *Matinee* at Collard's saloon and got a very fashionable assemblage, but little praise or applause.

Master Coker is said to have delighted the ladies present in "*Bid me discourse*," by the peculiar charm of his voice and style. Had he delighted the gentlemen in a like degree the applause would have been uproarious. The Sisters Georgi were as usual very popular with all with all their audience.

Miss Helen Hogarth's annual concert at St. James' Hall, being patronised by the Lord Mayor and wife and having a brilliant list of performers, naturally received critical attention. Parepa, Louisa Pyne, Reeves, Ennequist, Tom Hohler, Reichardt, Mme. Sherrington, with many distinguished instrumentalists took part in that concert and judging from report there was slight prospect of any benefit to Miss Hogarth, if all the performers were paid full or even half their demands.

Harold Thomas advertises, or his agents do for him, a new song which is said to be sung with unparalleled success, by Parepa and five

female vocal celebrities. Price three shillings. Name of this marvel "Gallants so-Gay."

Mrs. Mounsey Bartholomew has composed for the piano-forte, six songs without words, modeled after Mendelssohn's famous "Lieder ohne Worte," but less difficult she says.

Chappell's benefit which closed the Monday Popular Concerts proved a benefit indeed, for every part of that large hall called St. James' was crammed almost beyond human endurance, says the *World*. There was a long and varied programme in which the duet by Arabella Goddard and Charles Halle, given for the first time six years ago, by them in that Hall, renewed its popularity, as their performance was so "deliciously perfect as to hold every hearer in delectable chains," and when closed, all present united in a richly deserved tribute of admiration to such pianists.

A duet of Mendelssohn had infinite perfection of performance by Mme. Goddard and Piatti.

Halle and Piatti were enthusiastically applauded for other great deeds.

Santley received marked approval for "Now Heaven in fullest glory shone," and revival of a recitative and grand aria from Handel's "La Resurrezione" composed in 1708. All went off with more than satisfactory *éclat*, so Chappell's announcement of more concerts early in November was received enthusiastically.

Mapleson revived Mozart's "Il Seraglio" with fair success, after it had slumbered in London archives for twelve years. In 1854 it was produced at Drury Lane Theatre by Jarrett who had a double operatic company, German and English, in the original form as "Die Entführung aus dem Serail."

Tom Hohler is allowed to have made a decided step in the good opinion of connoisseurs, by his Elvino to De Murska's Amina.

There is evidently some difficulty with London critics in speaking of Adelina Patti's "L'Etoile du Nord," at Gye's opera house. In a long notice of that opera we find her spoken of but scantily, and with evident reserve. One expression is, "Fortunately the last scene of all is the most interesting in the whole work, and it affords Mlle. Adelina Patti admirable opportunity for the display of her dramatic genius." Not a word there about the famous song with two flutes obligato. Again it is said Mlle. Patti delivers the quaint couplets in which Caterina announces the fortunate result of her mission to the father of Prascovia in the liveliest style. Nothing can be more spirited than her singing of the Gipsy Rondo, and the Prayer, and light joyous Barcarole that follows it to close act 1st show Patti's lovely voice to the greatest advantage. However, "L'Etoile du Nord" is the opera of all others in which it is useless to specify how this or that particular song is sung. The audience seemed generally delighted with the performance, but there were no encores.

Faure got on creditably with Peter the Great's very difficult character and music. His drunken scene was especially pathetic. The band deserved high praise. So did the *mise en scene*, but slight notice is taken of any character beyond those already named. "Well enough" is said of them all but the falling off in ecstatic, rapturous compliment to Adelina Patti is so marked that in comparison Mme. Sherrington, Naudin, Ciampi, &c., seem to rise in critical estimation while she descends with fearful approach to collapse in ballooning. When La Grange and Miss Kellogg sang and enacted "L'Etoile du Nord" encores were plentiful and special heed was given to execution of particular songs, especially that one, respecting which no word is uttered by those who heard Patti at Gye's opera house.

In his programme for the last week of this season but two, no mention is made of "L'Etoile du Nord," which, if it had been successful, would certainly be run a dozen nights, but Adelina Patti is named for one performance only.

She was announced for Annetta in "Crispino e la Comare" on July 13th, with Ronconi as Crispino, Ciampi as Mirabolano, Mlle. Vestri as La Comare. In the Cobbler's wife Patti will doubtless achieve more dramatic and vocal success.

Chorley says Mlle. Artot replaced Patti as Rosina with credit, and proved herself the accomplished dramatic singer in "La Traviata," but loses her chance in "Don Sebastian" by Gye's neglect to produce that opera this season, as promised in programme. He contends that Adelina Patti's *petite* figure is not as some contemporaries assert, detrimental to her success in "L'Etoile du Nord," but is just the size Meyerbeer designed, to contrast with the big, burly Czar, as proved by his selection of Mlle. Duprez for that role at its first production in Paris. What is very significant of his opinion respecting her performance in that role, is the absolute silence he observes, making no other allusion to it than denial that she is too small in size to represent Russia's first Empress. To make his silence about Patti still more significant he remarks "Every one commends Sherrington's performance of Prascovia's role." "Le Nozze" he understands to be rehearsing at Gye's to follow Ricci's ridiculous opera—"Crispino e la Comare"—and querulously asks why is "Le Nozze" put off to so late a period when all fashionable people will be out of town. He speaks of Lubeck at Ella's matinee as no doubt a forcible and brilliant player, but inclined to play down his comrades in concerted music, while his cantabile and legato passages lack smoothness, and his andante theme was over expressed. Auer, the violinist in that concert, is not rated so high by him as Ella puts him up in print. He wants decision and breadth of style, and plays his own part in, rather than leads chamber music. Having first noticed him as promising good deed, Chorley feels justified in counseling him rather than flattering to impede realization of that promise. Ella overestimates him as he does all who appear in his concerts, to aggrandise those performances.

The Royal Academy of Music is rumored to locate, *pro tem.*, at South Kensington School of Art with Sterndale Bennett as director—vice Lucas, retired.

Commenting upon the disaster to music in Germany from war's alarms with its effect to drive into England distinguished singers or musicians. Chorley announces Moscheles' arrival in London with a query as to what effect his flight will have upon the great Conservatory over which he presided at Leipzig.

Dr. Stainer, an Oxford ("Mus. Doc.") is severely hit about his "Gideon" as exhibited by extracts given by the *Orchestra*. "We cannot call to mind anything so nonsensical, random, and bad, written by a musician or even an amateur of any pretension, and are almost tempted to ask whether they are not a hoax?" That is a legitimate Chorley smasher.

Edith Wynne seems to be rising fast in musical estimation for she has been selected to sing Adah's music in Costa's oratorio, "Naaman," at the coming Norwich festival. That part was especially written for a very celebrated vocalist of high pretension.

The opera houses at Dresden and Hanover closed when Prussia took possession there, but we see no mention of Joachim's movements since his kingly patron left him without any musical charge at Hanover's court.

A new opera by Cohen, "Jose Maria," is rehearsing at L'Opere Comique, with Montalauray as tenor and expected to be a success.

Vera Lorini who may be remembered as singing in Grau's opera company a year or two since is, reported as performing "L'Africaine" in Rome.

Chorley says, "Il Seraglio" is seldom heard because the story is silly, and exceptional voices are required for its music, a soprano with great compass upward and bass with great compass downward, yet neither "Don Gio-

vanni," "Le Nozze," or "Il Flauto," is worthier than this delicious opera.

Local color appears to an unusual degree with Mozart, its variety and vivacity are remarkable, and the Janissary effect is admirably used. Osmin's humor is matched only by the Bird-catcher's music in "Il Flauto." The opera rests upon its comic and characteristic portions for effect. He cannot agree with those intense admirers of Titens who praise her execution of the florid music, because really it is heavy and incomplete. Had labor perfected her powerful voice into unerring flexibility, she might rank as a second Catalani now, but the period for that has passed. Gunz he cannot like, as his voice is badly delivered, and he might be singing Hot-tentot, not Italian, for all the listener could tell. Osmin shows Rokitansky to great advantage. His rich, deep bass is well exercised there, the passage music is well given, and his shake, unlike some lazy tenors, is real. He looks the part and acts it well, although not so grotesque and subtle as Battaile, who performed Osmin at "Le Lyrique."

G. A. Osborne had an opera ready for Covent Garden's English company when that limited affair exploded so terribly. At his concert recently in partnership with the violinist, Wienianski, he produced two manuscript pieces, a dramatic scena, "The Captive's Dream," and a song called "The Cloud," on words by Shelly, the first sung by Cummings, who is said by Chorley to rise in value month by month, the second by Mme. Rudersdoff. Both were applauded warmly. His own grand duet on themes from "L'Etoile du Nord," excited great enthusiasm. So did a *morceau de salon*, replete with that grace and spirit which distinguishes his piano forte music for chamber performance.

The New Philharmonic concerts terminated with a grand concert programme, in which Beethoven's C minor Symphony and three excellent evertures had admirable performance.

The London Illustrated News designates "Il Seraglio" as delicious music, but that of a by-gone age, lacking the high spiced condiments now demanded for a sensation. It never can be popular, but its delightful melodies charm Mozart's admirers notwithstanding all its dramatic and lyric defects.

Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" was exceedingly well performed at Sydenham Palace concert on a Saturday, with Meric Lablache, Stanley, and Cummings as principals, given as the first or substantial course, and the sweetmeats which followed, as given by DeMurska, Trebelli, Lavini and other artists from Mapleson's opera, proved very palatable to a crowd of musical gourmands.

Alfred Mellon with his magnificent band and liberal attractions, fared so well last year that he proposes to run a promenade concert season at Covent Garden Theatre from early August to late November, thus cutting off Arditi's concert series at Mapleson's.

Mapleson ended his subscription season on July 16th, and commenced a short one for the farewell performances of great artists on July 17th, at reduced prices, and no dress regulations, with enlarged pit at five shillings admission.

Jenny Lind is reported as singing four songs at A. S. Sullivan's concert with great *éclat*, and refused to repeat either when asked to do so.

The London *Musical World* of July 14th says Adelina Patti had shown herself a genius, emphatically in Caterina.

Blind Tom appeared first in London at a private soiree, in Hanover Square Rooms, on July 18th, being heralded as a musical prodigy.

The great organ recently put up in Dr. Beecher's church is nearly completed and tuned, so an early opportunity to ascertain its merits will doubtless be afforded. In order to defray part of its cost—put at \$25,000—concerts are contemplated in Boston Music Hall organ style, with eminent players to compete in showing off its wondrous power and marvelous stops.